consist of natural objects such as rivers, big trees, etc. To define the boundaries of their gardens, Natives dig an ordinary ditch (ndjilekana, mu-mi) round the field, of about one foot in depth, which can be plainly traced even after the lapse of several years, when the field may have become fallow land and overgrown with vegetation. 423 618

The question of *roads* is a somewhat difficult, and often thorny one to settle. Where has one the right to go ? And if, after having used a certain path for years, you suddenly find it blocked by some individual whose field it skirts, and who has taken a fancy to hoe it up, what is to be done ? To try to come to some friendly agreement is always the most practical course. How often have we not experienced this difficulty with our cart ! The agriculturists were the more annoyed because we required a road three or four yards wide, while the Native footpaths are only little tracks of 15 to 20 inches in width. Being the only "carriage folk" in the district, we often had to ask permission to be allowed to pass, and have rarely met with any kind of refusal, for the Black is a reasonable being and quite appreciates the fact that roads are a necessity. If they see that a road is "ripening" (wupfile), viz., that it is more and more frequently used, they bow before the facts ; here, as everywhere else, custom makes the law. 423 487

At the present moment matters have been made much more simple as the Portuguese Government has constructed wide highways in all the more frequented parts of the country. 177 491

B. PRODUCTS OF THE SOIL.

I. *Cereals.*

"Hosi ya psone i *psithjama*" — "Their king is the *maize*," says Mboza. This cereal is indeed the most widely cultivated in Thongaland. It is called *psifake* in Djonga. In the more fertile regions of the North, the size of the cobs and of the grains (nhleke, yin-tin) is much larger than on the sandy dunes of the Ba-Ronga. So the people of Khosen make fun of the Ba-Ronga and compare 243

[491, 776 778

After the war of 1894-1895, the Portuguese Authorities established a camp at Morakwen, and decided to build a town there. To do this it became necessary to widen the primitive pathway which led to Lourenço Marques, and Natives had to cede trees and grass lands, to the extent of several metres on each side of the path ; then a fine road was built of some 20 kilometres in length. This road passed close by the sacred wood, as it had been decided to follow the line of the pathway, which skirted this wood for a distance of about half a mile. Amongst many other trees was one huge mahogany, under whose shade I have frequently passed, which sent out a low branch, right over the path ; it was necessary to cut off this branch, and the people living in the neighbourhood were intrusted with the job. "When they began the work," said Nkolele to me, on the 28th November, 1895, "I went to see what they were doing with the mahogany tree. As I was seated the gods came to me, saying : 'What are you doing here? You ought to have stayed at home.' I fell backwards unconscious, and remained in that state for four days. I couldn't eat : they had closed my mouth. I could not speak! My people picked me up and carried me home. My relatives and my children were all summoned : the villagers said : 'Our medicine-man has left us! He is dead!' Then my eldest son went to offer a sacrifice in the sacred wood. He let loose a fowl, which flew away and never returned ; he prayed : 'Oh! my ancestors! Here is my ox. Do not slay my father!' Then I got up. Ah! It was he, who saved me, Ngeleñwana, my eldest son! I looked around and said : 'What have all these people come here for?' They were terror stricken. Then they told me that the gods of Libombo were angry with me. The gods said to me (doubtless by means of the bones) : 'Take an ox-cock' (meaning an ox, an animal for sacrifice, which may be a cock), 'and go to your brother Shihubane. Let him give you a fowl, and go and sacrifice. Why did you go there? You ought to have stayed at home, and have sent your children.' I did not go any more by the big road. I go by the path through the marshes, and never by the avenue made by the Whites. Now I can go that way, for I have sacrificed, and the gods have said : 'He has asked our pardon by means of his gifts."

Is there not something significant and touching about this tale? Civilisation penetrates irresistibly, crushing everything in its way, and cutting remorselessly, perhaps unwittingly, through the edge of the sacred wood! And there, under the mahogany